

### Tolstoy.

Mr. Bryan, in The Commoner, pays the following graceful tribute to Tolstoy, the great Russian philosopher, nobleman, who endeavored to practice what he preached:

"Tolstoy is dead!" As the news follows the wires around the globe the world pauses to discuss the career of one whose name is known in every civilized land and whose thought has left its impress upon many millions. And who is this colossal figure whose falling shakes the earth? A nobleman? Yes, a nobleman by birth who enabled nobility by his character and attainments. A novelist? Yes, a novelist who made facts more fascinating than fiction. A scientist? Yes, an instructor in the most important of all science, the science of life. He believed that the paramount duty of man is to know how to live. He taught that it is more imperative that man shall draw near to his Creator and lessen the distance between himself and his fellow men than that he should know how far the stars are apart or be able to measure the age of the rocks. And above all, he was a philosopher—a lover of truth—whose definitions and illustrations brought truth within the comprehension of the multitude. He was a moulder of opinion, putting into apt phraseology the heart cravings of the race.

He has been called the apostle of love, and no one since the Apostle Paul has preached it more persistently or practiced it more consistently.

He was a believer in the doctrine of non-resistance; he deprecated the use of violence under any and all circumstances, and yet this man who would not have resisted arrest or returned blow for blow was the only person in Russia to whom absolute freedom of speech was accorded.

He was also an advocate of "bread labor," the doctrine advanced by a Russian named Bondaref, to "clip the wings of luxury and lust." Tolstoy believed that lack of sympathy is the root of all injustice and that nothing but actual and continuous participation in the primary struggle that draws the world's nourishment from mother earth will inspire a spirit of brotherhood.

There will be difference of opinion as to many of Tolstoy's theories and dissent from some of the applications which he has made of truths advanced by him, but no one will deny that with the sincerity of a pure heart and the intensity of a great soul he sought to bring himself into harmony with the Divine will and to serve society. To love God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself was the passion of the latter years of his life.

The Commoner will, from time to time, bring before its readers extracts from the essays of Tolstoy, but it shares the universal sorrow and offers a brief tribute now: The night is darker because his light has gone out; the world is not so warm because his heart has grown cold in death.

### Why Not Two Expositions.

The approaching completion of the Panama canal, like other coming events, casts its shadow before it. New Orleans and San Francisco are contending for the honor of holding an exposition commemorating the great event, and both Louisiana and California have put their credit back of the respective cities. But why this rivalry? Why not have two expositions? This is a notable wedding—this union of the oceans. Let the marriage take place at Panama with appropriate ceremonies; then let there be a reception at the home of the bride's parents and another at the home of the parents of the groom. It is not necessary to decide which is man and which is wife—the Pacific may be regarded as the husband because larger or as wife because of its better disposition. New Orleans can more properly represent the next of kin of one and San Francisco the near relatives of the other. New Orleans is nearer to the center of population. Probably three times as many people would attend an exposition at New Orleans as would attend one at San Francisco, and yet New Orleans is remote from the Pacific coast—a section vitally concerned in the success of the canal. There is no place except the isthmus itself where both oceans can be properly represented. An exposition at New Orleans would slight the Pacific; an exposition at San Francisco

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would slight the Atlantic. Two expositions are necessary. Here's to New Orleans and San Francisco, wishing them both success! Here's to San Francisco and New Orleans; may they both win!—The Commoner.



These seals or stamps are for sale at Pelty's Book Store at one cent each. Put one on every letter or package you send out, for every penny helps the cause.

The greatest danger from influenza is of its resulting in pneumonia. This can be obviated by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as it not only cures influenza, but counteracts any tendency of the disease towards pneumonia. Sold by E. M. Laakman.

### Australian Land Idea.

They don't seem to care for anybody except the people in Australia. The Minister of Lands in New South Wales has announced that after January 1, 1911, no public lands will ever be granted in fee simple, but will be leased for 999 years.

The earth is too valuable to sell to anybody, they contend.

The earth belongs to everybody, they say, and nobody can really own it.

The idea is advocated that the only real interest a man can acquire in the earth is the right of use, and that this right is subject to the superior rights of society. And one of the rights of society is to make the occupants put it to some useful purpose, instead of holding it out of use to grow in value as a result of the labors of others.

Another of these rights is the right to see that if the occupant dies or moves away some other actual user shall take his place, and that in any event the holding shall not be absorbed into some big estate.

This radical departure of the Australian Minister of Public Lands from the time-honored custom of the nations constitutes a startling innovation which is of a nature to impress one with the thought that he doesn't care a rap for anybody except the people.—St. Louis Star.

If you are suffering from biliousness, constipation, indigestion, chronic headache, invest one cent in a postal card, send to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, with your name and address plainly on the back, and they will forward you a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by E. M. Laakman.

### Notice to Hunters.

Notice is hereby given to all persons to keep off of my premises hunting with gun or dog, or for any other unlawful purpose. A hint to the wise is sufficient. Oct. 1, 1910. J. W. SEBASTIAN.

An immense black wolf was killed in Ste. Genevieve county by a party of Perry county hunters on the 24th ult. There have been so many wolves in Perry county lately that farmers have lost many hogs and sheep.

### HOW RICE PAPER IS MADE

Pulp of Aralia Tree is Used and Not Rice as is Popularly Supposed.

The so-called rice paper is not made from rice, as its name implies, but from the snow white pith of a small tree belonging to the genus Aralia, a genus represented in this country by the common sassafras and the spikenard. The tree grows in Formosa, and, so far as is known, nowhere else.

The stems are transported to China and there the rice paper is made. It is used, aside from a number of other purposes, by the native artists for water color drawings, and sometimes it is dyed in various colors and made into artificial flowers.

The tools of the pith worker comprise a smooth stone about a foot square and a large knife or hatchet with a short wooden handle. The blade is about a foot long, two inches broad and nearly half an inch thick at the back, and it is as sharp as a razor.

Placing a piece of the cylindrical pith on the stone, and his left hand on the top, the pith worker will roll the pith backward and forward for a moment until he gets it in the required position.

Then, seizing the knife with his right hand, he will hold the edge of the blade, after a feint or two, close to the pith, which he will keep rolling to the left with his left hand until nothing remains to unroll; for the pith has, by the application of the knife, been pared into a square white sheet of uniform thickness. All that remains to be done is to square the edges.

If one will roll up a sheet of paper, lay it on the table, place the left hand on top and gently unroll it to the left he will have a good idea of how the feat is accomplished.

### Wanted to Be Sure.

Bret Harte at one time used to plunder the people from the rostrum in the way of 50-cent lectures, says a magazine writer. During a trip over the Pennsylvania circuit he found himself one evening in a small town, the very atmosphere of which was depressing. Turning to the committeeman who awaited on him at his room in the hotel, Harte said: "Is this a healthful climate?" "Passably," responded the committeeman. "What's the mortality of this city?" "About one a day," "About one, eh," said Harte, "come this way a minute," and he drew the committeeman into the recess of the bay window and then said to him, solemnly, "Is the man dead for today? I am going to lecture here tonight, and it would be a great relief to me to know that I could get through alive."

### Kept the King at Home.

"For the past year we have kept the King of all laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—in our home and they have proved a blessing to all our family," writes Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y. Easy, but sure remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 25c at E. M. Laakman's.

### THE LOCAL MARKET.

Wheat	57
Oats	45
Corn	60
Flour	\$2.00
Meal	1.50
Shipstake (sacked)	1.50
Bean	1.25
Mixed Feed	1.30
Hay	10 to 15
Irish Potatoes	50
Hens & B.	85
Frying Chickens	10 to 12
Eggs	30
Butter	20 to 25
Beans & Bushel	2.00
Bacon	15
Lard	14
Tallow	14
Sorghum Molasses	50
Salt & Bbl.	1.50
Honey	20
Beeswax	20

### Their Christmas



THE Higbee children looked at the river, and gave up all hope of Christmas. The steamboat went by on its daily trip, breaking the way through the

crust during the night, and leaving behind a highway of drifting ice. On the bank beyond they could see the houses and the church, but could not go there.

"We may even forget when Christmas comes," said Ben, "unless we notch a stick, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I shall not forget," said Della.

"Nor I," said Mamie Scudder.

The Higbees lived on an island. There was one house besides their own, where Mrs. Scudder and Mamie lived. Mamie never crossed the water in cold weather, but the Higbee children rowed across every week to Sunday school, until December brought ice and snow.

People living on a small island must take boats instead of carriages when they go to church or post office or market. But the Higbee children did not think that a hardship.

"We want clear water all winter," said Della.

"I hope you will have it," said the teacher, "at least till Christmas. We are going to have carols and a Christmas tree."

This was great news to the Higbees, who had never seen a Christmas tree. They talked about it, and told Mamie Scudder. They knew there would be candles on the tree, and shining things among the boughs.

But the first Sunday in December a blinding snowstorm kept them at home. The next Sunday and the next there was ice tossing in the river, so that no little rowboat could venture abroad.

One more Sunday, and then Monday would be Christmas. All the happy children across the river would go to church and there would be the tree full of gifts.

"It's a cold day and growing colder," said Mr. Higbee on Saturday.

The family kept close round the fire. None of them spoke of Christmas. There had been no secret preparations, no shopping trips. Money was scarce in the Higbee family.

When Ben and Della went to their beds at night, Paul, who followed soon after, came back into the kitchen with a serious face.

"Mother," he said, "they have hung up their stockings."

Mrs. Higbee set her lips tight. Then she put her arm round Paul and kissed him.

"Never mind," he said, "we can pop corn and crack nuts."

Mrs. Higbee stayed up late that night. By 11 o'clock she had made cookies shaped in various ways—birds, dogs, balls, boys, horses, elephants, camels, hearts, sheep and rabbits—and not one too big to slip easily into a child's stocking.

She put 12 into each of her children's stockings, hanging Paul's up also. She glanced toward Mrs. Scudder's, but the lights were out.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the children the next morning. The house rang with laughter and mirth. There was great excitement over the stockings. Even Paul was interested and amused.

"Dear little mother," he said, softly, "Mamie came with her stockings, and the children played menagerie, Noah's Ark, and farmyard for hours."

The steamboat made no trip that day. A few skaters were seen. "I guess the boat skips Christmas the same as Sundays," said Paul.

After dark he went to the window. "Hear the bells," he said. "And the church windows shine." A silence fell on the group.

"If we knew the carols we would sing them ourselves," said Mrs. Higbee.

From time to time the children went to the window. It was starlight. "See the lights in the road!" exclaimed Della. "The folks are going home with lanterns."

"They're coming down the bank!" said Ben.

A little line of lights moved steadily along. They were certainly on the frozen river. They were coming toward the island.

"Why, father, father!" shouted Paul. "The river must be frozen hard all over, and that's why the boat didn't go!"

"It happened so once six years ago," said Mr. Higbee.

Mrs. Scudder ran over from her house. "They're singing!" she cried. "Listen!"

The sweet Christmas carols sounded clearer and clearer, as boys and girls came up the bank, up to the very house.

"Come in! Come in!" said Mr. Higbee, throwing the door open.

It was as if church, tree, festival, Christmas and everything had come to the Higbees and Scudders.

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### FIND ROOM FOR THIN FOLKS

Traveling Man Saves Hour's Time Because He Gets In With Herd of Cassidues.

"Because I am thin myself and was fortunate enough to strike a bunch of lean folks I saved an hour's time on my last trip to Boston," said the traveling man.

"About two hours before train time I went over to Harvard streetcar. A guide who conducts tourists through the university buildings in groups of 20 had just rounded up the regulation number, and was starting out on a trip, but when he saw me and two other lantern jawed chaps like into view he called out: 'Come on, you three; there's room for you also.'"

"Before we had passed the second exhibit the head guide came up, counted us, and reprimanded our guide for exceeding the number."

"That's all right," said our man. "They're all thin."

"Apparently that excuse was satisfactory to the head guide, for he nodded and went away, but it caused the herd of Cassidues to clamor for further explanation. They got it."

"Visitors can see and hear satisfactorily only at a certain distance from the exhibits," he said. "Fat people take up so much room that in a big party some one is sure to be crowded out, but thin folks like you can squeeze up close, and two or three more do not inconvenience anybody."

"When we came out an hour later we met the next party just going in. If I had been fat I should have had to waste all that time waiting for them."

### Afraid to Stay Alone.

Cherry Valley, Ark.—Mrs. Carrie Moore of this place says, "I was afraid to stay by myself. I had headache nearly all the time; my heart would palpitate, and my vitality was very low. When I would lie down, at night, I had no hope of living until day. I tried Cardui, and now I feel better than I have for 5 years. I cannot praise Cardui enough for what it did." Are you a woman? Do you need a tonic? Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. Your druggist sells it.

### Exercise as a Bad Habit.

Regular physical exercise of the artificial kind is a habit which, just like the moderate use of light alcoholic beverages, has certain advantages, but which must also be held within the closest limits unless the disadvantages are to be greater. Certainly it is no less artificially introduced into our social life, and in this case too it is just as wise not to allow it to become a habit. To wander through the country on a fine day is a beautiful inspiration and healthful for every one. To need the walk with mechanical regularity is the product of bad training, and to become the slave of Swedish gymnastic apparatus is no better than slavery to cigars.—From Munsterberg's Problems of Today.

Many persons find themselves affected with a persistent cough after an attack of influenza. As this cough can be promptly cured by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it should not be allowed to run on until it becomes troublesome. Sold by E. M. Laakman.

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**Final Settlement.**  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of SAMUEL G. HAILE, deceased, will make a final settlement of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of St. Francois county, Missouri, to be begun and held at the court house in Farmington, in said county, on the second Monday in January, 1911.  
ANNA F. HAILE, Administratrix.  
November 17, 1910.